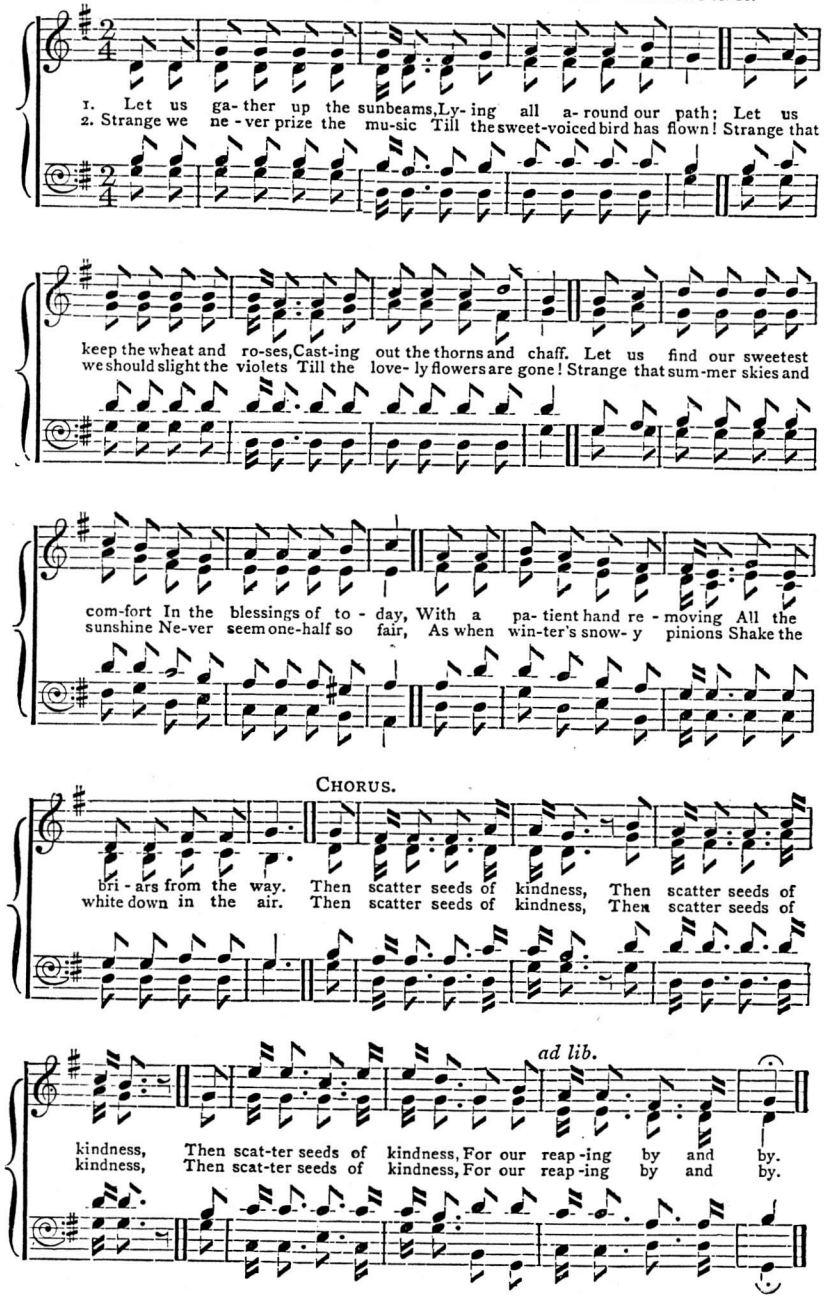
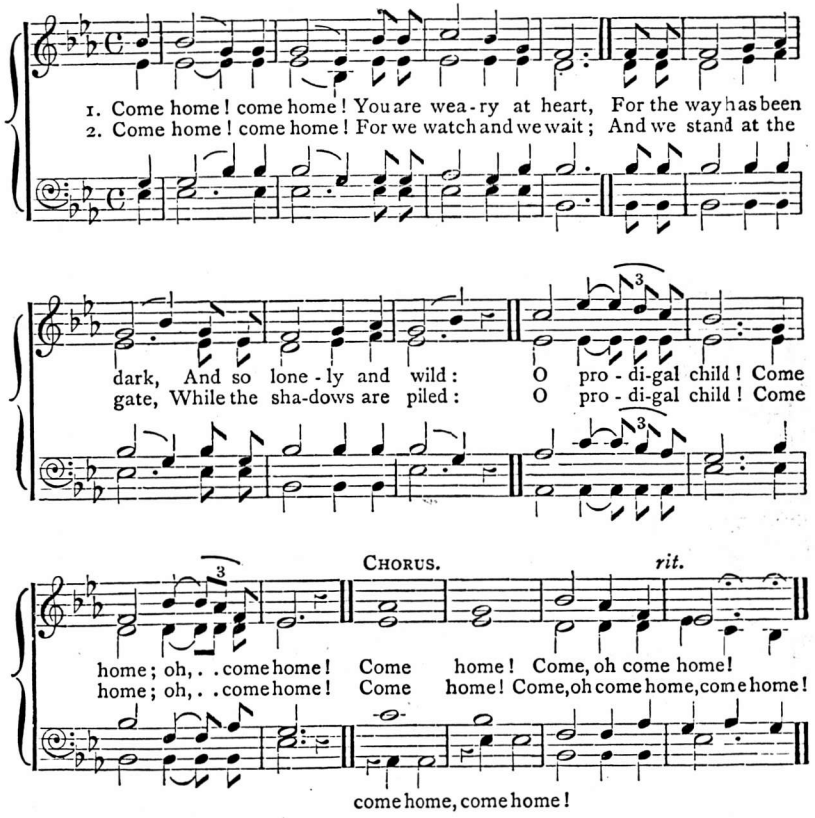
No. 12. Scatter Seeds of Kindness.

"God is not unrighteous to forget your work and labour of love."—HEBREWS vi. 10.

Scatter Seeds of Kindness—*continued.*

3. If we knew the baby fingers,
Pressed against the window pane,
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
Never trouble us again—
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?—
Would the prints of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?

4. Ah! those little ice-cold fingers,
How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions
Strewn along our backward track!
How those little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns—but roses—
For our reaping by and by.

No. 13. The Prodigal Child.

"I will arise, and go to my father."—LUKE xv. 18.

3. Come home! come home!
From the sorrow and blame,
From the sin and the shame,
And the tempter that smlled:
O prodigal child!
Come home; oh, come home!

4. Come home! come home!
There is bread and to spare,
And a warm welcome there:
Then, to friends reconciled,
O prodigal child!
Come home; oh, come home!

No. 14.

Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

"The love of Christ which passeth knowledge."—Eph. iii. 19.

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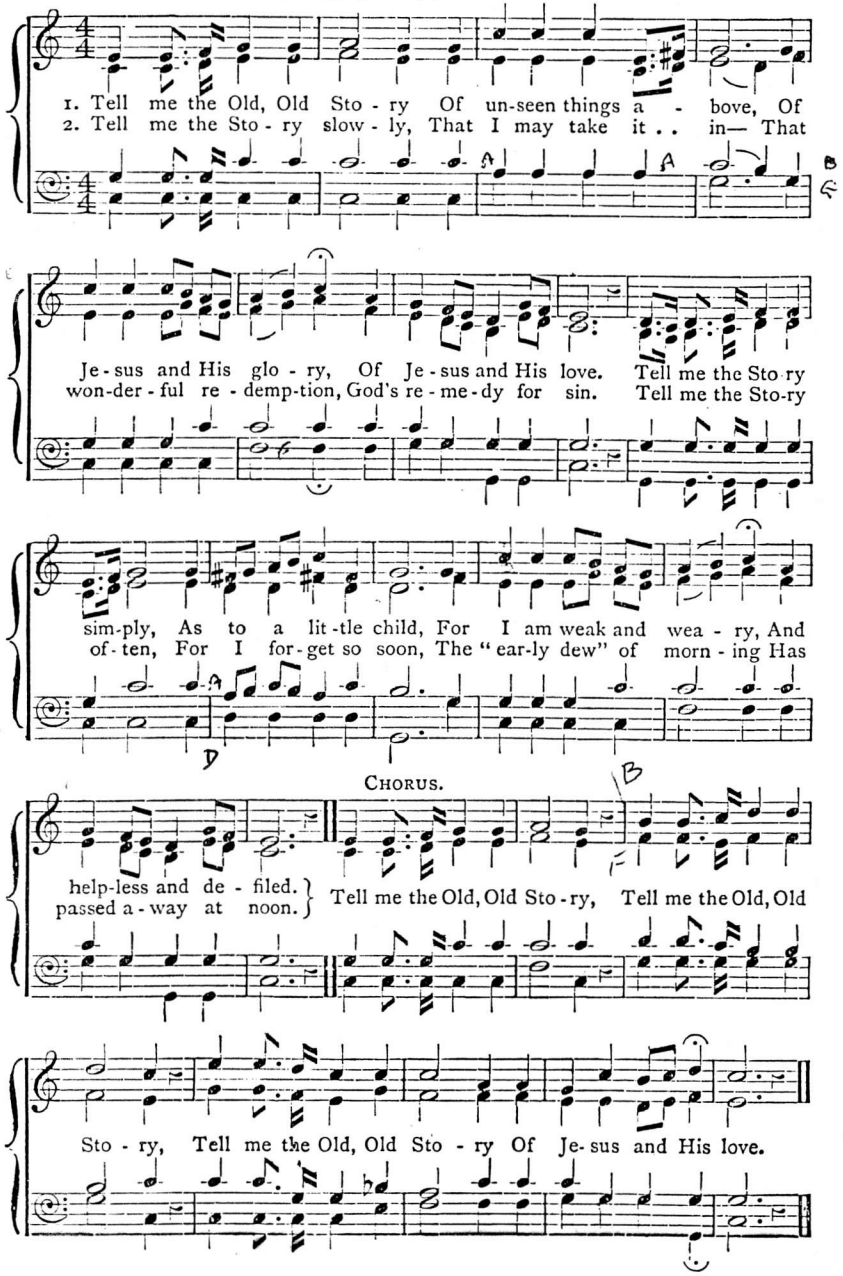

Tell Me the Old, Old Story—*continued.*

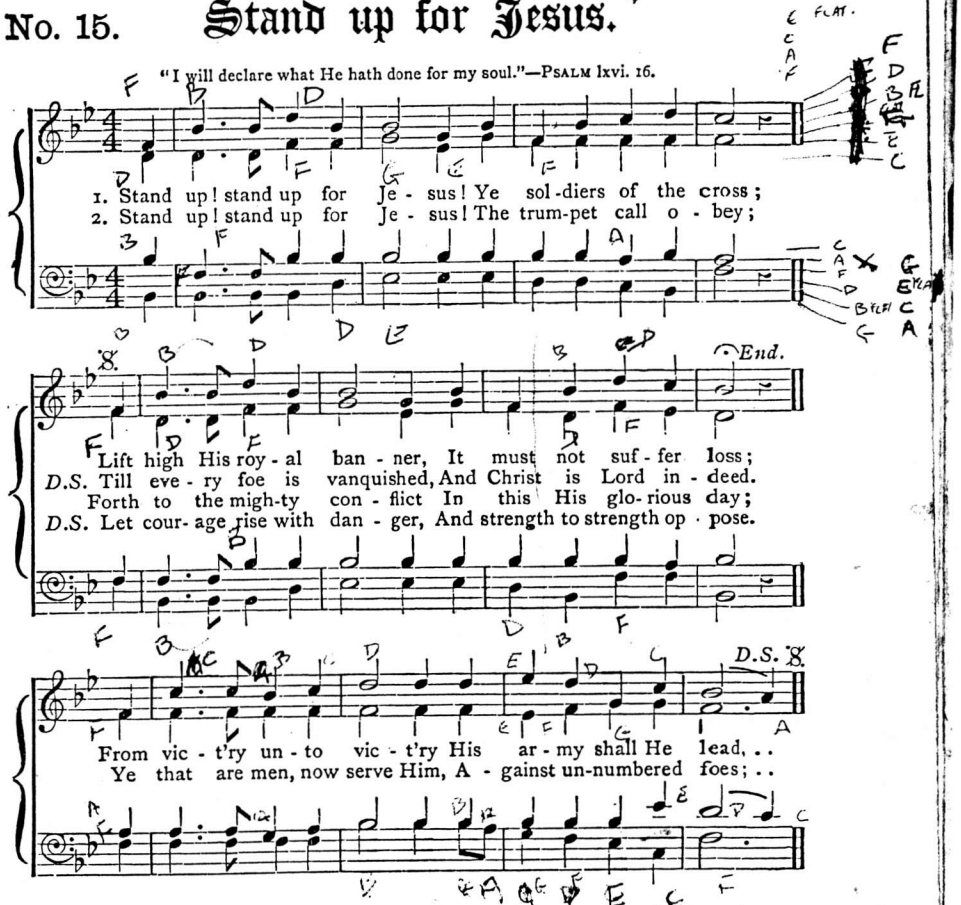
3. Tell me the Story softly,
With earnest tones, and grave;
Remember! I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me that Story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

4. Tell me the same Old Story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when *that* world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the Old, Old Story:
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

No. 15.

Stand up for Jesus.

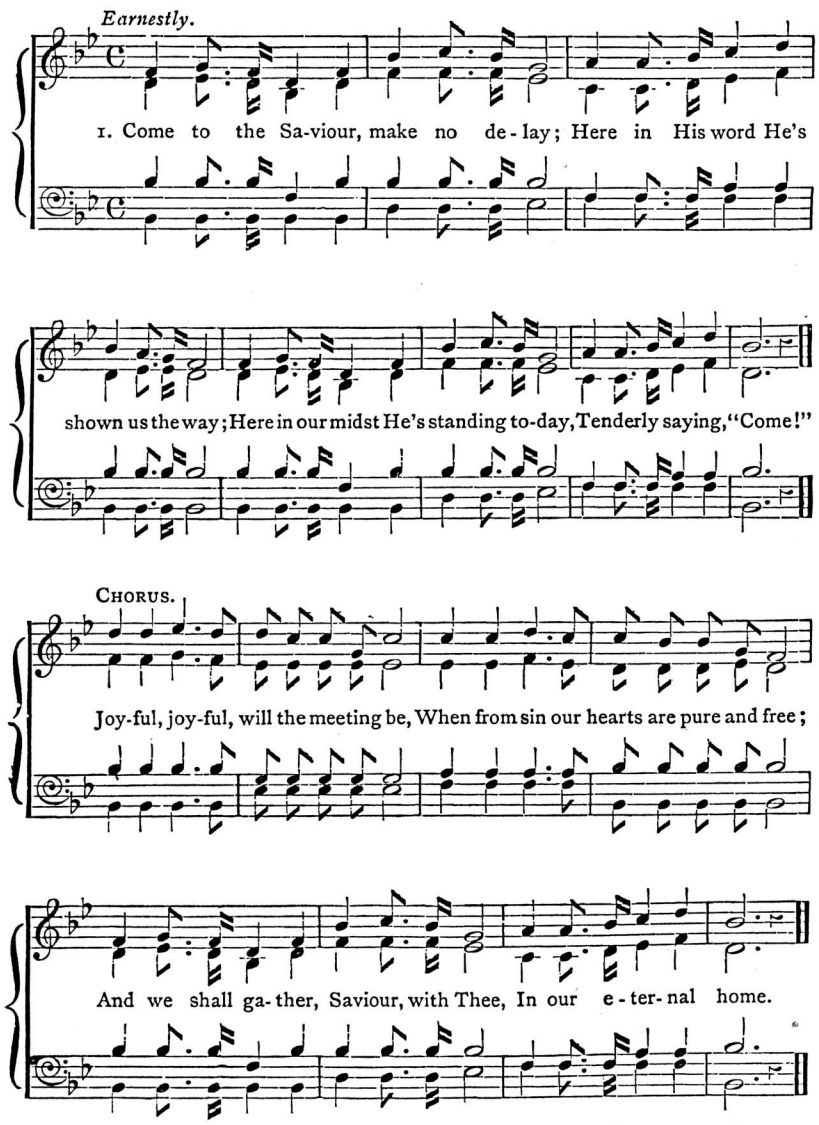
"I will declare what He hath done for my soul."—Psalm lxvi. 16.



3. Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armour,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

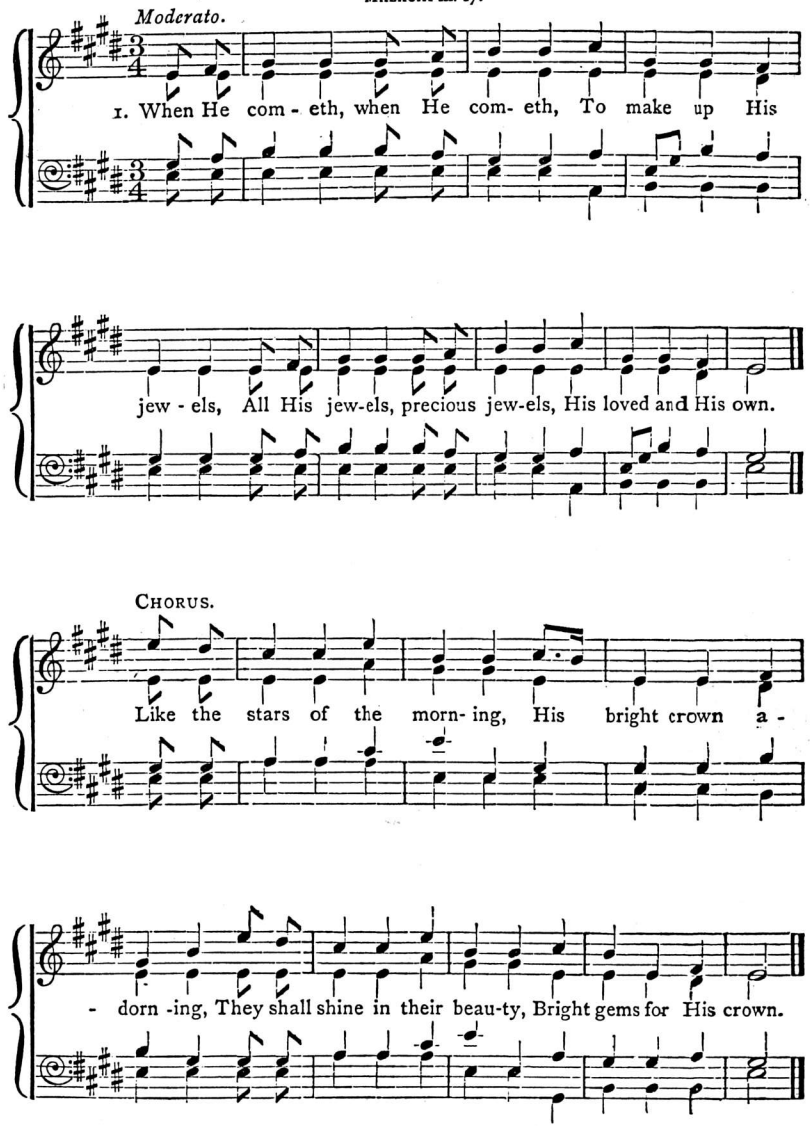
4. Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

No. 16. Come to the Saviour.

"Make a joyful noise unto God, all ye lands."—PSALM lxvi. 1.

2. "Suffer the children!" Oh, hear His voice!
Let every heart leap forth and rejoice;
And let us freely make Him our choice:
Do not delay, but come.

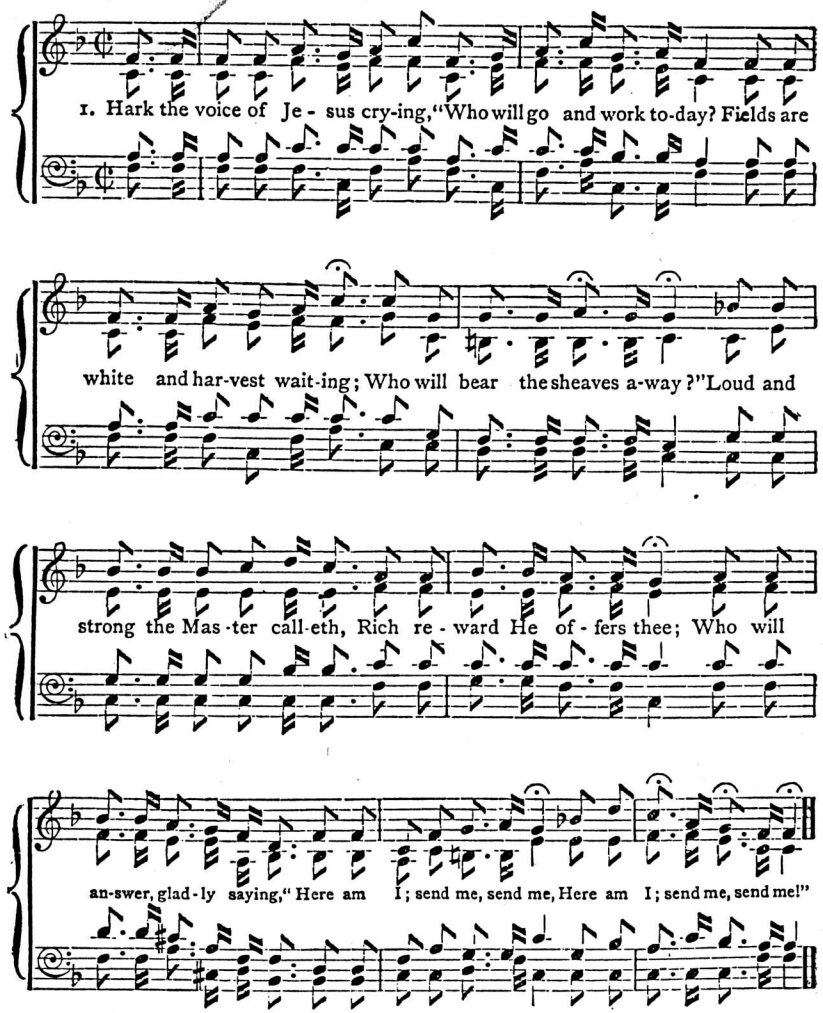
3. Think once again, He's with us to-day;
Heed now His blest command, and obey;
Hear now His accents tenderly say,
"Will you, my children, come?"

No. 17. Jewels.

"And they shall be Mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels."—MALACHI iii. 17.

2. He will gather, He will gather
The gems for His kingdom;
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
His loved and His own.

3. Little children, little children,
Who love their Redeemer,
Are the jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own.

No. 18. Here Am I, Send Me.

"I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I; send me."—ISAIAH vi. 8.

2. If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door.
If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite;
And the least you do for Jesus
Will be precious in His sight.

3. If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say He died for all.
If you cannot rouse the wicked
With the judgment's dread alarms,
You can lead the little children
To the Saviour's waiting arms.

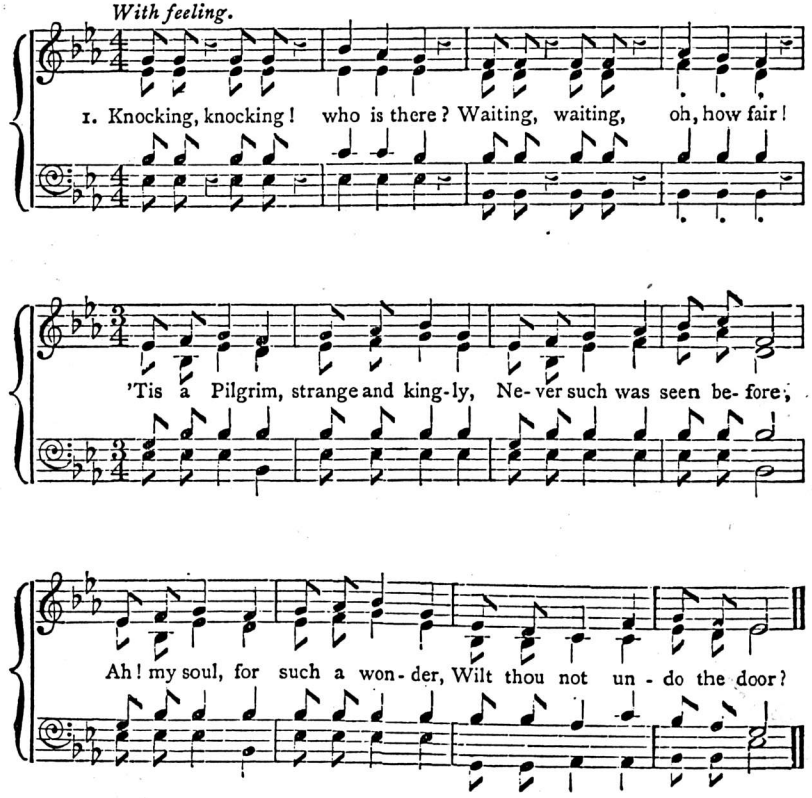
4. If you cannot be the watchman,
Standing high on Zion's wall,
Pointing out the path to heaven,
Offering life and peace to all;
With your prayers and with your bounties
You can do what heaven demands;
You can be like faithful Aaron,
Holding up the prophet's hands.

Here Am I, Send Me—*continued.*

5. If among the older people
You may not be apt to teach;
"Feed my lambs," said Christ our Shepherd,
"Place the food within their reach."
And it may be that the children,
You have led with trembling hand,
Will be found among your jewels,
When you reach the better land.

6. Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do,"
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you.
Take the task He gives you gladly,
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth,—
"Here am I, send me, send me!

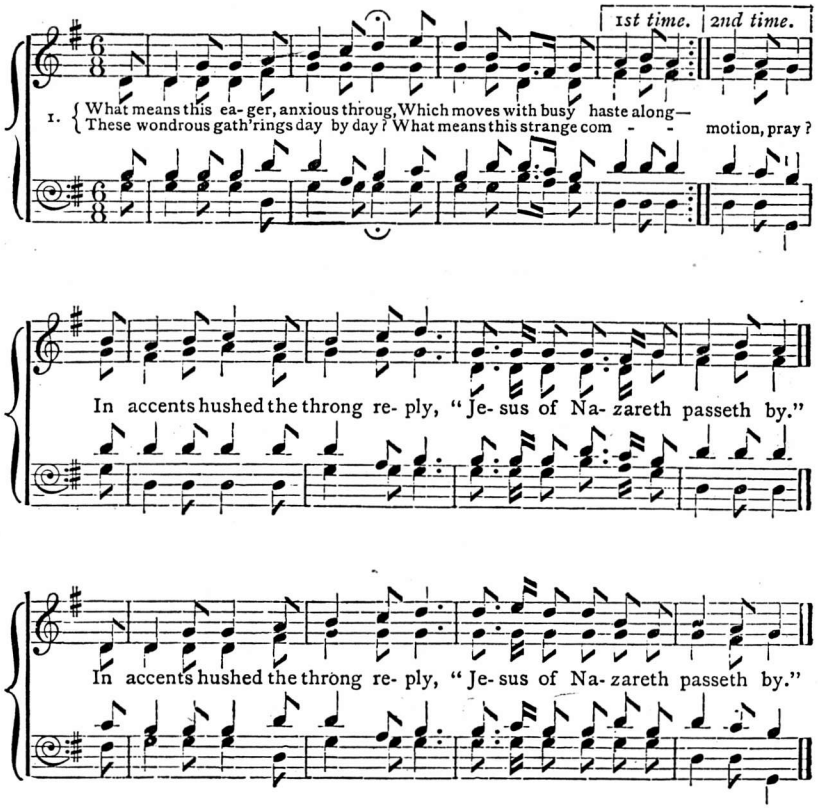
No. 19. Knocking, Knocking, Who Is There?

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear My voice and open the door, I will come in to him and will sup with him, and he with Me."—REV. iii. 20.

2. Knocking, knocking; still He's there;
Waiting, waiting, wondrous fair;
But the door is hard to open,
For the weeds and ivy-vine,
With their dark and clinging tendrils,
Ever round the hinges twine.

3. Knocking, knocking—what! still there?
Waiting, waiting, grand and fair;
Yes, the piercèd hand still knocketh,
And beneath the crownèd hair
Beam the patient eyes, so tender,
Of thy Saviour waiting there.

No. 20.

Jesus of Nazareth Passeth by.

"He heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth."—MARK x. 47.

2. Who is this Jesus? Why should He
The city move so mightily?
A passing stranger, has He skill
To move the multitude at will?
Again the stirring tones reply,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

3. Jesus! 'tis He who once below
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe;
And burdened ones, where'er He came,
Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame.
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

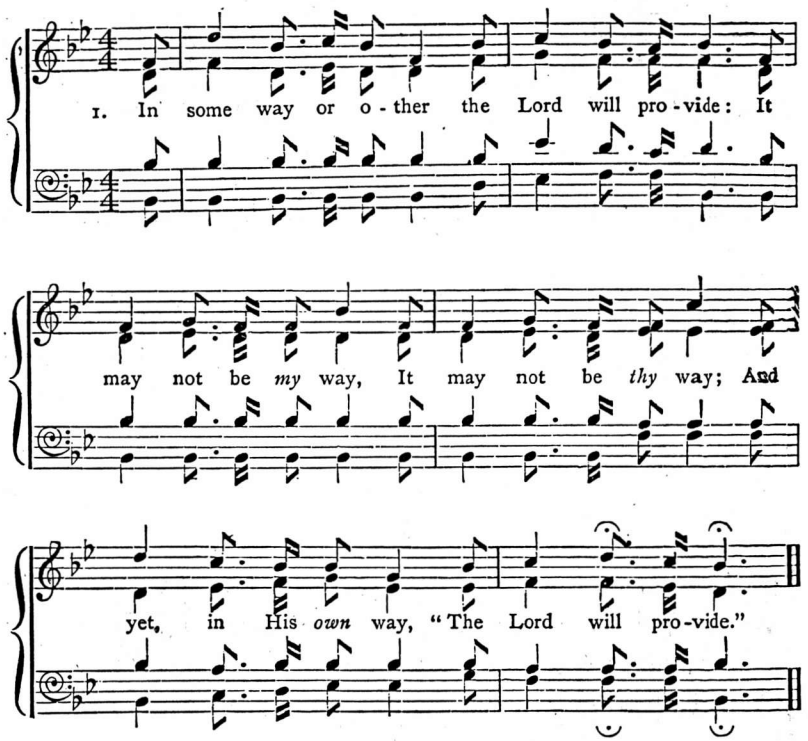
4. Again He comes! From place to place
His holy footprints we can trace.
He pauseth at our threshold—nay,
He enters—condescends to stay.
Shall we not gladly raise the cry?—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

5. Ho! all ye heavy-laden, come!
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home.
Ye wanderers from a Father's face,
Return, accept His proffered grace.
Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

6. But if you still His call refuse,
And all His wondrous love abuse,
Soon will He sadly from you turn,
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.
"Too late! too late!" will be the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth *has passed by*."

No. 21.

The Lord will Provide.

"The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger: but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing."—PSALM xxxiv. 10.

2.

At some time or other the Lord will provide:
It may not be *my* time,
It may not be *thy* time;
And yet, in His *own* time,
"The Lord will provide."

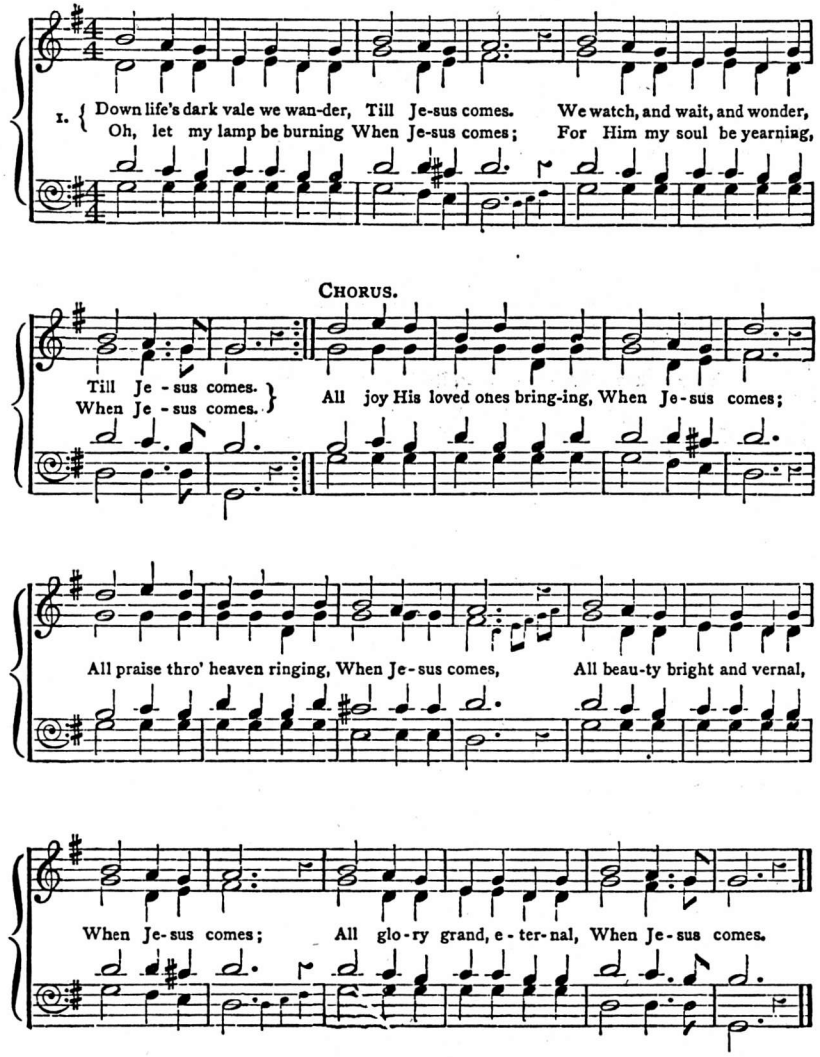
3.

Despond then no longer, the Lord will provide;
And this be the token—
No word He hath spoken
Was ever yet broken:
"The Lord will provide."

4.

March on then right boldly, the sea shall divide;
The pathway made glorious
With shoutings victorious,
We'll join in the chorus,
"The Lord will provide."

No. 22. When Jesus Comes.

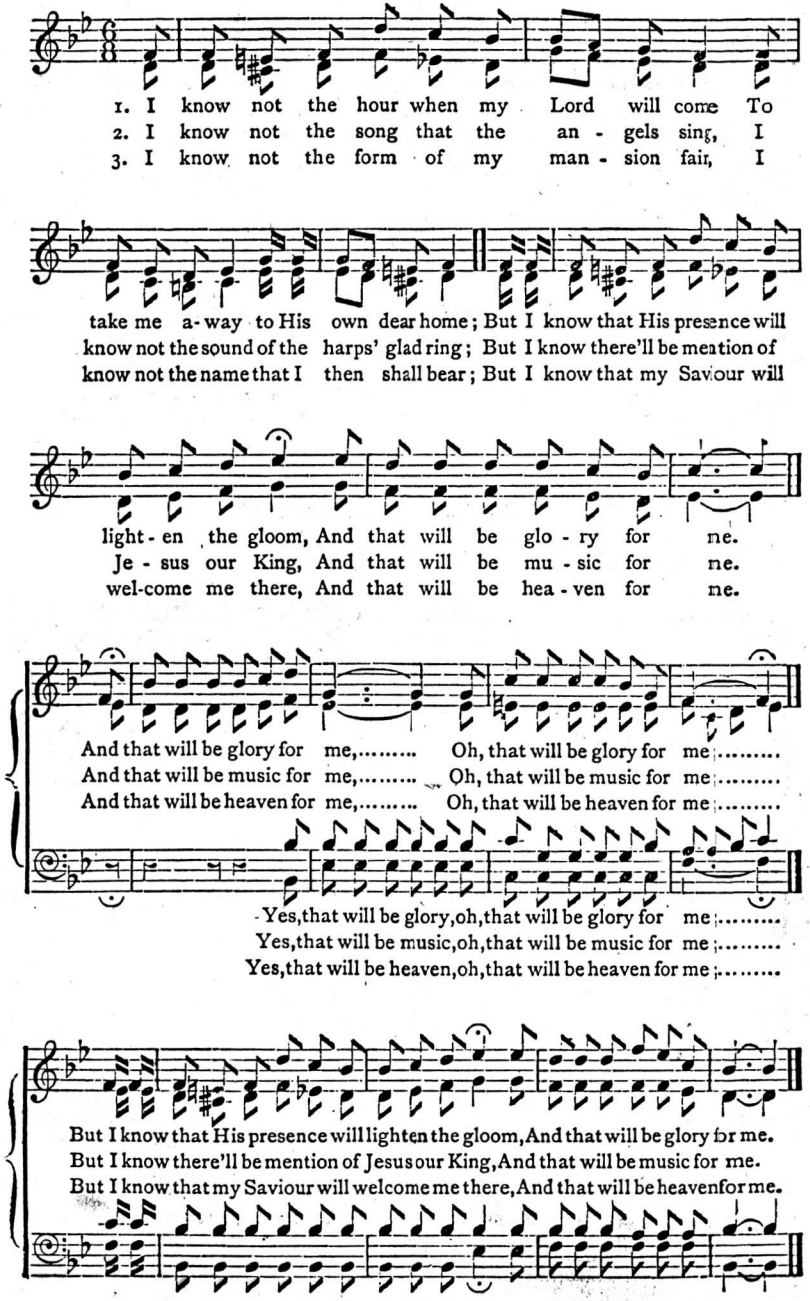
"Unto them that look for Him shall He appear again the second time, without sin, unto salvation."—HEBREWS ix. 28.

2.

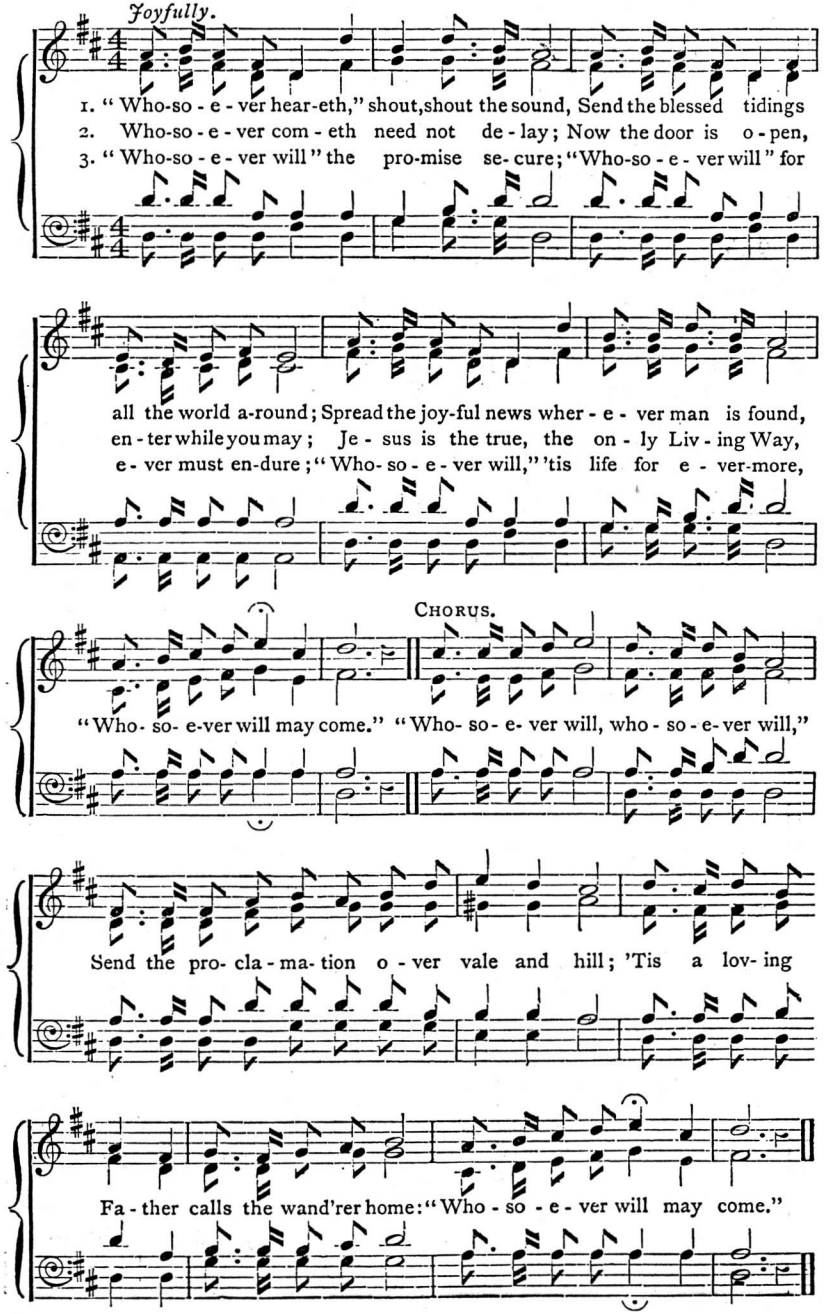
No more heart-pangs nor sadness,
When Jesus comes;
All peace, and joy, and gladness,
When Jesus comes.
All doubts and fears will vanish,
When Jesus comes;
All gloom His face will banish,
When Jesus comes.

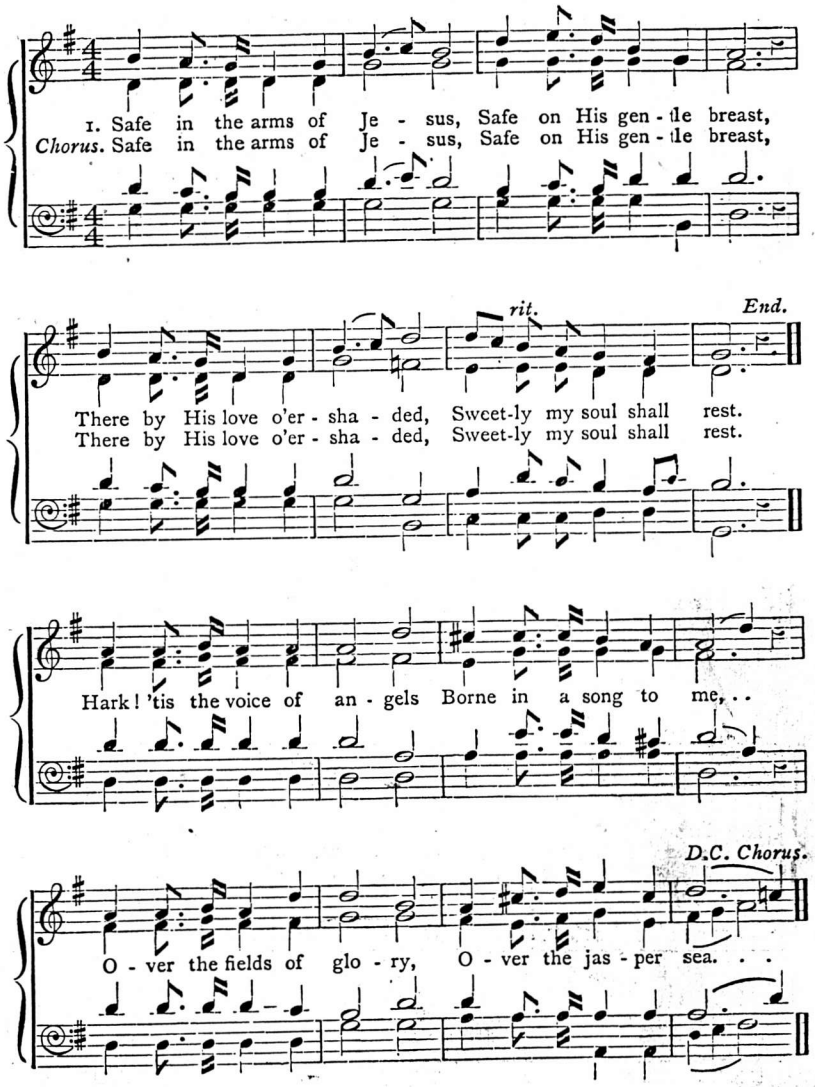
3.

He'll know the way was dreary,
When Jesus comes;
He'll know the feet grew weary,
When Jesus comes.
He'll know what griefs oppressed me,
When Jesus comes;
Oh, how His arm will rest me!
When Jesus comes.

No. 23. That will be Heaven for Me.

"We know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is."—1 JOHN iv. 2.

No. 24. "Whosoever Will."

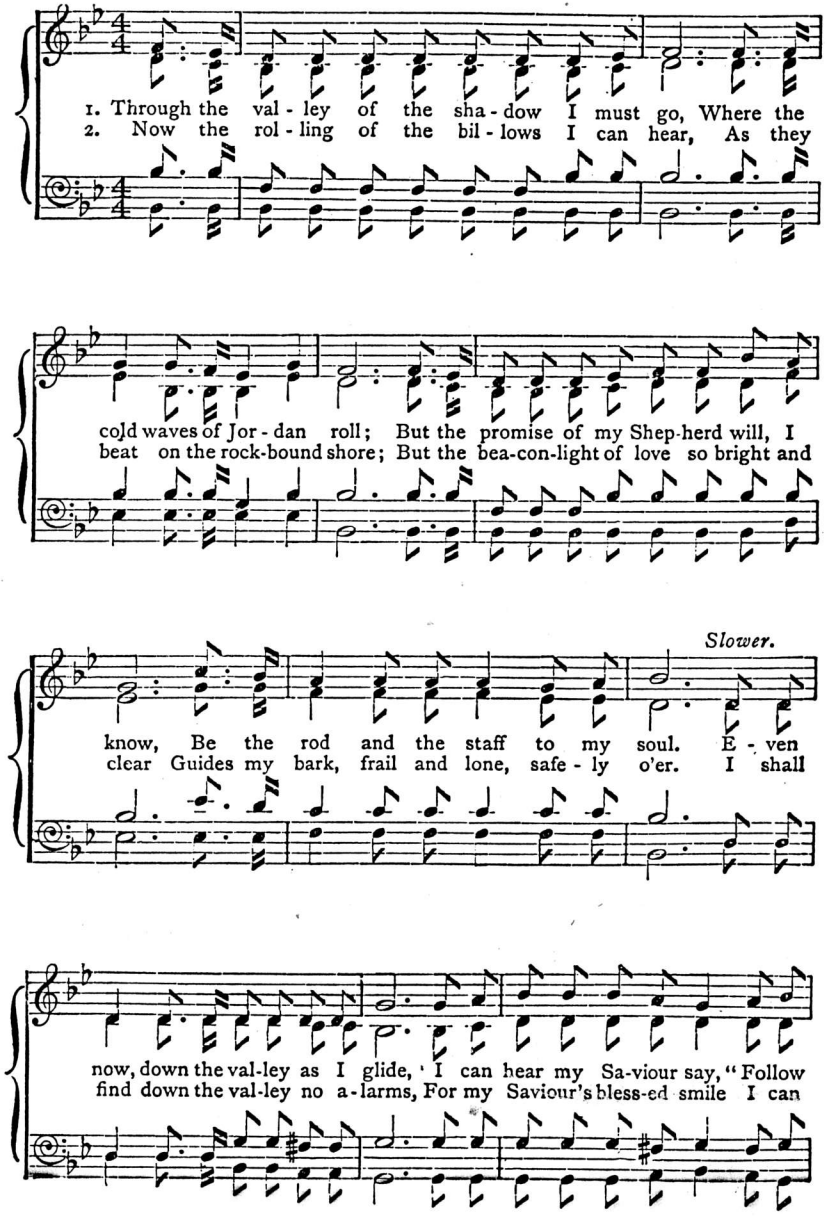
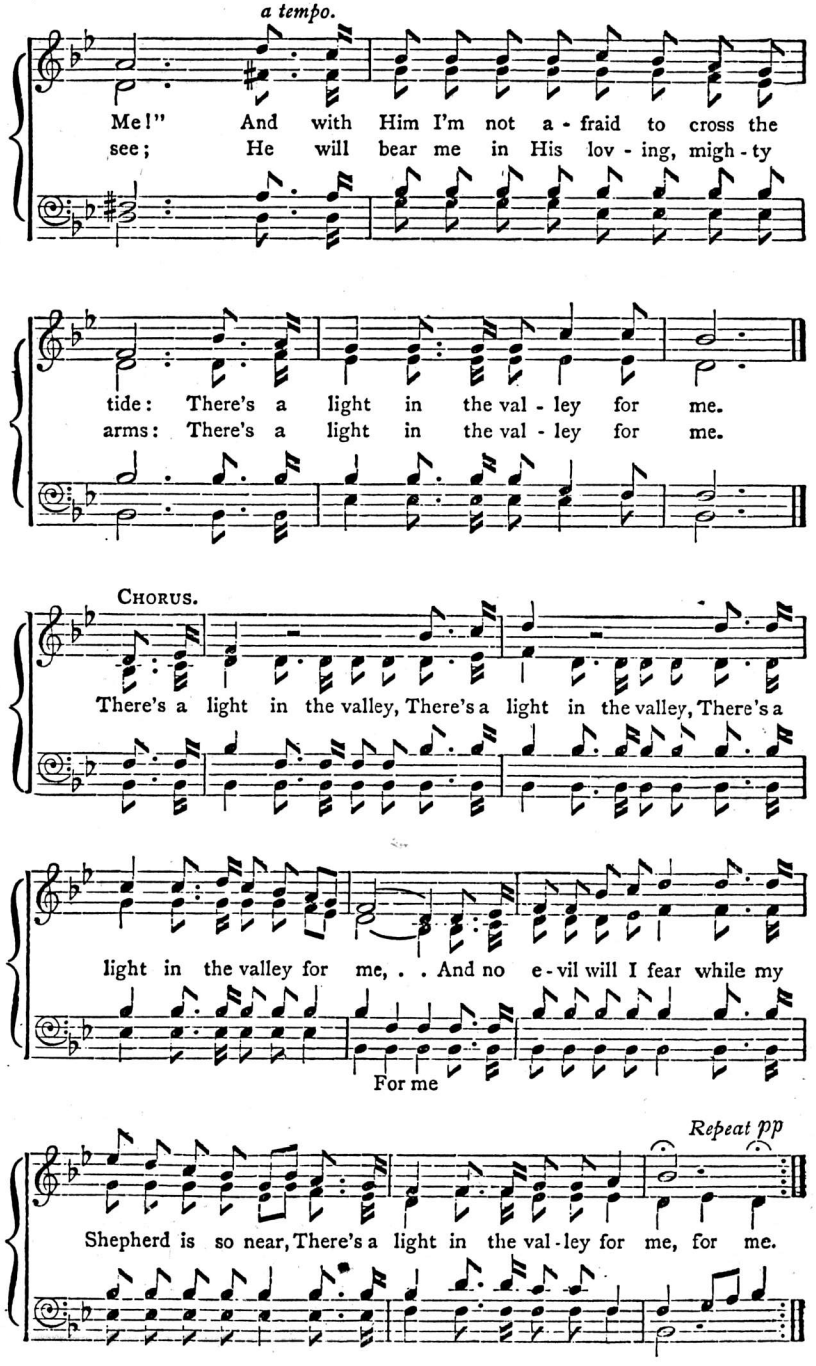
"Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."—Rev. xxii. 17.

No. 25. Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

"Underneath are the everlasting arms."—Deut. xxxiii. 27.

2. Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears;
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears!

3. Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me;
Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er;
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.

No. 26.

There's a Light in the Valley.

"Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me: Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me."—PSALM xxiii. 4.

There's a Light in the Valley—*continued.*

No. 27. The Eden Above.

"In the midst of the Paradise of God."—Rev. ii. 7.

Andante.

1. We shall meet in the E - den a - bove, In that beau - ti - ful land of the blest; All our tri - als and pain will be o'er, . . . When we rest e - ver-more in His love, . . . In that

S.

D.S. We shall

Chorus. *Repeat softly.*

en - ter that man-sion of rest. In the E - - - den a - bove, beau - ti - ful E - den a - bove. In the beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful

D.S. S.

- bove, In the E - - - den a - bove. E - den a-bove, In the beau - ti - ful, beau-ti - ful E - den a-bove.

2. When we meet in the Eden above,
When we enter that blissful abode,
All the good who have passed on before
We shall meet in the city of God.

3. The saints of all ages are there,
The prophets and martyrs of old;
The children whose voices on earth are
Now sing in that city of gold. [still

No. 28. I Left it all with Jesus.

Moderato.

f

1. I left it all with Je - sus Long a - go; All my sins I brought Him, And my woe, When by faith I saw Him On the tree, Heard His small still whis - per, "'Tis for thee," From my heart the bur - den Rolled a - way— Hap - py day!

cres. *rit.*

From my heart the bur - den Rolled a - way— Hap - py, day!

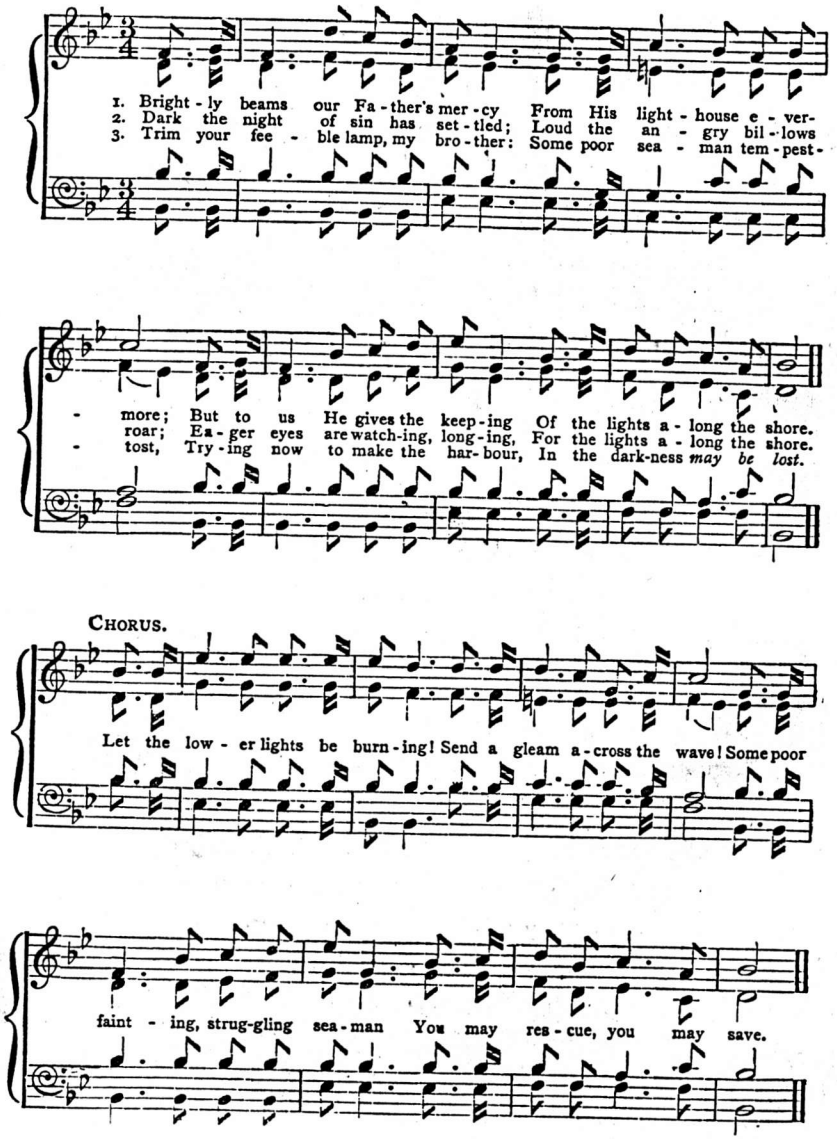
2. I leave it all with Jesus,
For He knows
How to steal the bitter
From life's woes;
How to gild the tear-drop
With His smile,
Make the desert garden
Bloom awhile:
When my weakness
leaneth
On His might,
All seems light.

3. I leave it all with Jesus
Day by day;
Faith can firmly trust Him,
Come what may.
Hope has dropped her
anchor,
Found her rest
In the calm, sure haven
Of His breast:
Love esteems it heaven
To abide
At His side.

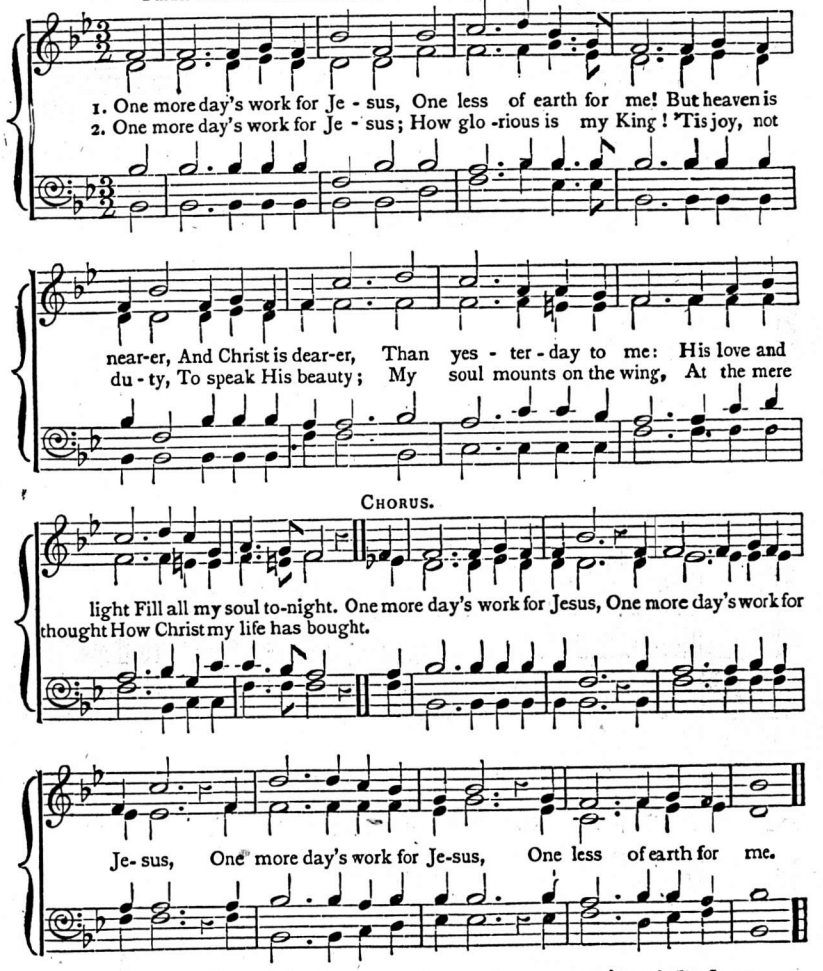
4. Oh, leave it *all* with Jesus,
Drooping soul!
Tell not *half* thy story,
But the whole.
Worlds on worlds are
hanging
On His hand,
Life and death are waiting
His command;
Yet His tender bosom
Makes *thee* room—
Oh, come home!

No. 29.

Let the Lower Lights be Burning.

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in Heaven."—MATT. v. 16.

No. 30.

One more Day's Work for Jesus.

"I must work the works of Him that sent me, while it is day."—JOHN IX. 4.

3. One more day's work for Jesus;
How sweet the work has been,
To tell the story,
To show the glory,
When Christ's flock enter in!
How it did shine
In this poor heart of mine!

4. One more day's work for Jesus—
Oh, yes, a weary day;
But heaven shines clearer
And rest comes nearer,
At each step of the way;
And Christ in all!
Before His face I fall!

5. Oh, blessed work for Jesus!
Oh, rest at Jesus' feet!
There toil seems pleasure,
My wants are treasure,
And pain for Him is sweet.
Lord, if I may,
I'll serve another day!